Mrs. Woodrow Writes of The Financial Relations Of Parent and Child

By MRS. WILSON WOODROW.

ware the victims of their dren who are the victims of their parents. The extremes of either case are tragic.

I have received a letter from a boy who, under much family pressure, has become bewildered in that maze which confuses most of us at one time or another-How much do owe to myself, and how much do I owe to others?

"Dear Mrs. Woodrow," he writes, "I often read your articles, and liking the opinions you express, it occurs to me that perhaps you can satisfactorily solve a problem which confronts me. You no doubt are used to reading about other people's troubles, and I hope this won't bore you. I would like to know what proportion of one's salary do you think should be turned in at home for the support of the family

Works Extra Time To Help Pay Expenses.

"I am a boy, nineteen years of age, and receive a moderate salary. My parents insist that I give practically all of it to help pay home expenses. In fact, I keep out just enough money to cover my car-fare and lunches for the following

"In addition to my day work I have also secured a job in the evenings, and work at it for three or four hours after leaving my day position. Out of the money I earn in this way my parents believe that I should buy my own clothes; so that at the end of the week I usually have no money left, although I work far more than the average young man. And because I am unable to save anything or account of this constant expense. I have become discouraged. Also my health is suffering as a result of the night work.

While there are several members of our family that have to be supported, my father makes a good salary; and although I am willing to do my share, I really feel that I should be allowed to keep enough out of my salary to relieve me from the necessity for night work.

"My parents have given me good education and believe that I should pay them back, although they say that, no matter how much I give them, I will never be able to repay them for all they have done

Never Will Be Able To Grasp Opportunity.

"At the present rate I will never be able to save any money or be in a position to grasp a favorable opportunity when it comes along. as with every increase of salary I receive, my parents expect a large share of it.

"Won't you please write an article on this subject at an early date, and give some suggestions that will be of help to me? Also, please say whether you think my or if I am just selfish? J. G."

It is an argument as old as the world, how far must youth be served and how far must it serve? The answer always depends on the circumstances of the case.

If this boy had aged or sickly parents, or little brothers or sis-ters dependent on him, there would be nothing for him to do but look after them to the extent of his abil-Those would be grim facts confronting him. and he could not decently evade them.

is nothing to warrant such conclusions. These parents seem to think that because they have cared for him in childhood and have given him a good education, he is bound to repay them by turning back all that he earns. It scepts a usurious

rate of interest on parental duty. He is evidently no shirker, From his letter I gather that he is intelligent, hard-working and willing to do his part. But what is his part? Unless the family is in desperate need, it certainly should not be every cent he makes.

Parents Regard Him

As Business Property.

His parents appear to look upon him as a good business property; but if you have a farm, you do not take every cent it yields and spend it on other things. You put a good deal of it back on the soil, keeping it up and developing it so that it will produce still more. These parents convict themselves of a very short-sighted policy. They fail to see that they are really limiting themselves as much as they are him. They are literally throttling his initiative.

If the parents would try to see his side of the question and realize some of the sacrifices he is making, instead of continually harping on the outworn strain that no matter what he does he can never repay them, some basis of understanding might be established.

Since he is contributing prac-tically all that he can make to the family excheequer, it is only fair that he have a thorough knowledge of how the money is spent, and an exact statement of the family ex-

If these can be produced, it should be done. In fact, every effort should be made by the parents to encourage his ambition and help him get into the field of wider opportunities. In order to achieve anything, we have got to have a fairly free hand.

Equal to the Occasion.

During some amateur theatricals one of the performers had to leap into a river in order to escape from some wild beasts. The stage was so arranged that the river was invisible, but the actor was to be seen jumping from the cliff. Behind the scene he was to land on a soft mattress, while at the same moment a stone dropped into a tub of water created the necessary and effective splash. But, although the leap had been all right at rehearsal, everything went wrong on the night of the performance. Neither mattress nor tub was in place. The actor made the leap all right, but he landed eighteen feet below, on the oaken floor, and there was no splash to drown the crash. The audience, expecting to hear a splash, but hearing instead the thunderous crash of the actor's body as it struck the floor, began to laugh, but the actor, though dazed by the fall, silenced them by shouting from be-"By heavens, the river's

The Wrong Girl.

Ben-"Why did Lucille break off her engagement to you?" Bob-"Merely because I stole a kiss." Ben-"She must be silly to object to her flance stealing a kiss from her." Bob-"Oh, I didn't steal it from

PATHETIC FIGURES

By FONTAINE FOX.

Gowns For Afternoon and Evening Republished by Special Arrangement With Good Housekeeping, the Nation's Greatest Home Magazine



When a Girl Marries Twice-Told Tales

A ROMANCE OF EARLY WEDDED LIFE.

By ANN LISEE. CHAPTER CXCIV.

HEN I got back to the Walgrave I found Jim waiting for me in a mood of the utmost nervousness and irritability. "Annne, I've a telegram here for you-but I've more than half a mind not to let yo see it," he began. "From Neal?" I interrupted

"Neal? Now why under the canopy would he be telegraphing you? No. it's from Terry. He wants you to taining the Cosbys tomorrow night and I can't have you traipsing off now," snarled Jim.

"Why does Tery want me?" I asked, though I was afraid I knew

Jim took his hand out of the pocket where it had evidently been clenched over Terry's telegram. He took the yellow paper between the fingers of both hands and began perking at it to restore it to shape. After a minute he gave me the crumpled looking sheet, and pressing it down on the table, I read:

WILLIE DISCOVERED IN THE

ACT OF ENTERING THE HOUSE

VIA THE SECOND STORY SO

THAT HE COULD CHANGE!

HIS TORN TROUSERS

BEFORE ANYONE

SAW THEM .

nima

"Betty's arm comes out of cast tomorow. Doctor has told me. Come at once. Know you won't

TERRANCE THURSTON." "The first morning train's about 11, isn't it?" I asked. "There's a new train on at 10. I looked," expressed Jim, "and then

to save you the bother, I tele-graphed for you." A Vain Plea. "Tonight?" asked Jim, refusing to meet my eye. "Why, you aren't

going till Friday, Anne, You can't.

"I can't go-to Betty when she needs me?" I grasped. "Oh, come now-be reasonable, That cast can come off Betty's arm without your being there to make a hullabaloo over it. She's got Terry and a doctor or two and a few nurses to do all the cheering. You're giving a party Thursday night-to my biggest cli-

"But you don't understand. I've got to go.

"Sure I understand. You always think you've got to do pretty much anything but what I want you to. Now you listen to me, Anne. I'm running this. You can chase down there Friday, if you want to be at every one's beck and call. And that's a whole lot more than most l'usbands would stand for."

"Jim, you don't understand," 1 gasped. "It's-it's serious. There won't be any cheering when Berty's arm comes out of the cast. She isn't going to be able to use it." "She isn't going to be able-Betty-lame? Crippled?" asked Jim under his breath, almost of him-

self. "Does she know?" His eyes challenged mine for a moment and then dropped away to fix themselves appraisingly on his stiff ankle-the ankle that always dragged a bit when he walked.

"No," I whispered briefly. My moment had come and 1 "How could Terry keep it from her!" mused Jim.

"Why didn't that fool doctor tell "He didn't know," I confessed. "He didn't know?" She didn't know. What's all this mystery? Sounds as if you know all right." "I do. Miss Moss made the doctor

Terry?" demanded Jim. "He wanted to, but I stopped him. I said-I remember my exact words that I'd tell whomever had a right to know. And the doctor said he'd count on me. And I decided that Terry had a right not to know." "How did you come to decide to

play-Fate?" Jim's voice was cold-colorless

accusing almost. "They'd had such a good time winning through the happiness. You said they were ghost-hunting. remembering Atherton Bryce. Well, that very morning Miss Moss told me she'd been his nurse, and he wasn't good enough to tie Betty's shoestrings. They thought then Betty was going to be all right. It wasn't till after Terry had persuaded Betty to marry him next day that I heard about the unexpected complication and her having only one chance in a hundred." "And did you think Terry wouldn't

marry her-if he knew?" "I knew he would just the same, Jim. But he'd be pitying her then instead of just loving her. And I thought she'd feel the difference." Jim went on with his pitiless questioning:

"And suppose when the day came and they found out-supopse then they resented what you'd done. didn't forgive you. Suppose they judged you without waiting for you to explain how you dared-make their decisions?" ... "I had to risk that, Jim." I cried.

"Don't torture me with any more questions. I can't tell you how I love Betty and want her friendship. But I thought if I had to pay that to make her happy, I'd bear it. And I thought maybe you'd stand by, maybe you'd/ make them see that I meant to do the right thing." (To be continued.)

THE SLAYING OF ADA DENNIS.

HERE are times when murder will not "out." When clues and evidence fail, when all of the skill of trained men in the hunting of criminals has been employed without success, then it is that the law recognizes that it has come face to face with its arch enemy, "The Perfect Criminal," he or she who

slays and leaves no trace behind. Eighteen years age, on a cold night in December, a crime was committed on K street northwest by "The Perfect Criminal," and Mrs. Ada Dennis was the victim. She was a woman with a past whose husband, a tragedian of renown, had trod the old-time boards of tragedy with Edwin Booth. In the parlor of her home was discovered the instrument with which she had been assault-

ed and nearly killed-a piano stool The Washington police plunged feverishly into the case. At first they were confident the criminal would soon be caught. They arrested a colored porter. They probed into the woman's past. They investigated her friendship with a Western judge. They followed the trail to Texas and back again.

All the time the woman lay it Garfield Hospital unable to talk coherently, except that in the dead of night she would fling herself upward in her bed and point an accusing finger at the hospital wall and shriek:

"Oh! My God. I didn't know God made such meh as you!" Ten months and twelve days

after she had been strickn she died. And since that time the question, Who killed Ada Dennis?" has remained unanswered, and will nev-

The Rhyming **Optimist** By ALINE MICHAELIS.

AVE some peas and beans and bacon? Eat and hear the lusty yell of the pirates overtaken. Uncle's swatting H. C. L. Have some pie chucked full of cherries, just like mother used to make? Have some jam of plums or berries? Have a bite of ginger cake? Have some soup that's good and filling, corn that tastes like_ roasting ears? Say, friend, sisn't it plumb thrilling listening to those profiteers? Do you reckon life's as cruel as those hardened chaps make out? Take a little oxtail grue! while we hear them wail and shout. will say the prospect's pleasant at the food-shark's wild dismay. Did he bother when our larder was as bare as bare could be? Nay, be only squeezed the harder, poosting up the price of tea; speaking sadly of the butter, promising that it would soar, smiling gayly at each mutter, pricing sugar more and more. Though fate floors him, does it matter? Shall we go to his relief? Kindly pass the baked bean platter we should grieve about his grief! Seldom have we ever eaten fare like this on which we dine; it's small wonder Fitz was beaten, that the Doughboys smashed his line. Yes, it helped to lick the foeman; 'Kamerad" they cried with tears, and it's working like the yoemen as it swats bold profiteers. Have another dish of peaches? Gee, it's fine to hear them squall; Uncle's got an arm that reaches, and that arm will swat them all:

True Art.

With frowning brows a famous artist was transferring to canvas the beautiful Highland scene before him, and furiously wishing that the spectator who was breathing down the back of his neck would go away. But that spectator was a "sticker." "Man," he said, presently, "did ye never think tae try photygraphy?" "No!" snapped the artist, as he went on painting. "I wunner at that noo!" said the spectator. "It's a hantle quicker as well's bein' mair like the place!"

except to the priest in confessional confidence, or by confession from the slayer on his own death bed. Since the day they were first confronted with the case, Central office detectives and the entire po-lice department, particularly those of the Second precinct, have had it in their minds.

The fact that a man was arrested and indicted for the killing of Mrs. Dennis heightens rather than diminishes the mystery, for the District Attorney realized the gove and he was released.

Nor does the fact that a man living near the home of the slain women intimated in a note which he left after committing suicide that he knew something about the crime shed any light on the case.

It was established that he was irresponsible at the time of writing, and that he was not in Washington when she was beaten to death.

At police headquarters there are two grim reminders of the Dennis case which will not let the police forget the baffling crime.

The most gruesome of these is a blood-spattered, cherry -stained birch piano stool, now in the prop-erty-room wrapped in a piece of torn and faded yellow paper and covered with dust. Attached to the plano stool is a tag bearing this

"Piano stool, the top of which was used in assaulting Mrs. Dennis. Officer Wegdon, December 11, 1901."

The other is a record in the homicide book which was made by Detective "Bipp" Philips, a polica department clerk, on October 22. 1902, the day Mrs. Dennis died. It follows: "Mrs. Ada Gilbert Dennis, a fash-

ionable dressmaker, was found in bed in her room at her home in K street northwest, about 5 o'clock a. m. December 10, 1901, in an almost dying condition. She had been brutally assaulted by some unknown person. Her skull had been fractured, her jawbone broken, and her left ear almost severed from her head. Her left arm bore a number of bruises, such as would be received in a struggle.

"Robbery could not have been the motive, for on a table at the foot of her bed was a small box in which there was a pocketbook well filled with money, as well as some money in the box and nothing to hide it from view.

"It was about 5 o'clock when Mrs Dennis was found. She was partly conscious when first discovered through Miss Mary Doyle and Mr. Smith Winchell, who were roomers in the house and heard groans through the heaters, or flue. They went to her room, which they found locked, and Mr. Winchell broke open the door, finding Mrs. Dennis in the above-mentioned condition.

field Hospital in an unconscious condition. While being carried to the ambulance on a stretcher several agonizing eries indicated that the victim was conscious, and Dr. Atkinson leaned over the patient, nquiring: "Mrs. Dennis did somebody hurt

"Mrs. Dennis was taken to Gar-

"'Yes, somebady, she replied.

"'Who was it?" "'Never mind,', she replied.

"On December 18, 1901, Mrs. Dennis became conscious, but after being questioned for about thirty minute made no disclosures which would justify an arrest. "After hovering between life and

death for more than ten months, Mrs. Dennis died at Garfield Hospital on October 22, 1962, about 4 a. "Richard Cole, colored, who was employed at the house of Mrs. Den-

nis as a porter, was arrested November 7, 1902, charged with the murder and held by the coroner's jury for the action of the grand jury. Later the case was nolle prossed by the United States District Attorney, December 5, 1902, and Cole was released."

Little Tricks For Women in Household Economics

By ELIZABETH LATTIMER.

Saving Money in the Home

The season for fruits as far as preserving and canning is concerned has practically gone by, but the markets are full of sweet apples which ought to be canned for the winter months when they are nowhere to be had. Even wind-fall apples are perfectly all right for canning purposes, but of course all decayed parts and any over-ripe ones must be eliminated.

Apples canned whole make a delicious breakfast dish with cream and sugar. They may be baked.

and sugar. They may be baked, like fresh apples, used in apple salad as a relish for fresh pork they may be fried in pork fat; and for apple dumplings, deep apple pie and any other desserts in which whole ap-ples are desirable. The syrup of canned whole apples, can also be used for pudding sauces or fruit

Here is a tested recipe: Canned Whole Apples.

Wash the apples, which must b reasonably firm. Remove core and blemishes (pare if desirable when for immediate use). Place whole apples in blanching tray or blanching cloth and blanch in boiling wa-ter for two minutes. Remove and plunge quickly into cold water. Pack in large, empty glass jars or Pack in large, empty glass jars or gallon tin cans. Pour over the product a hot, thin syrup. This is made in the proportion of 24 pounds of sugar to 5% quarts of water. Place rubber and top in position. Seal partially, not tight. If using tin cans, cap and tip completely process half-gallon or makely pletely. Process half-gallon or gallon containers 20 minutes in boil-ing water, in homemade or hot-water bath outfit; 15 minutes in water-seal; 16 minutes in steam-pressure outfit, with 5 pounds of steam pressure. Remove jars, tighten covers, invert to cool, and test joints. Wrap in paper and store. The time of heating will have to be varied according to ripeness and condition of the fruit. Use just enough time to sterilize perfectly, and yet not enough to change the color or reduce the pulp

Spiced Sweet Apples.

Nothing is more delicious during the winter months than spiced sweet apples and there are a dozen and one uses, both as a dessert, a breakfast dish-and a meat relish, to which they may be put.

y peck sweet ap-1 ounce of cloves.

y peck sweet ap-1 ounce of cloves.

light plant water.

light plant water.

I lemons cut thin.

First make a simple syrup of the water and sugar in a large preserveing kettle. Then put in the apples, which have been pared, cored and cut in quarters. Add cloves and cook slowly about fifteen minutes. Put lemon slices on top and cook another fifteen minutes or until the apples are quite tender. Rinse the preserving jars in hot water, set them in a pan of hot water and fill with fruit and a sufficient amount of the liquid. Seal at once. This recipe makes one down pint and a sufficient amount of the liquid. recipe makes one dozen pint jara.

ikes One Li Do the Work of Two.

A novel way to make one linim "do its bit" twice in a child's wash coat wins Mrs. Lucia R. Naylor, of Kenilworth, today's Economy Prize. DEAR ELIZABETH LATTIMER:

When making my baby's winter coats this year I decided that I could not afford wool hining for both his everyday and best coats. I tried and tried to think of some way I could mannage. Finally I hit upon this plan. Both coats were of wash cordurey. So I made both coats up without any lining, finishing off the insides as though they were to be worn that way. Then I got quilted lamb's wool and made one lining, lining that with seco silk. I arranged snaps on the lining in both coats and can slip the lining into either coat when needed. Both coats are exactly the same warmth and are more easily washed

\$1 PAID FOR EACH DOLLAR SAVED

How I Saved a Dollar

Here is a chance for every one earn a dollar by telling how she has saved a dollar. It may be a dollar or more. It may have been saved in a day or a week. However, all that matters is HOW

\$1 saved and \$1 earned by the telling of the saving makes \$2. How about it? Be brief and write only on one side of paper. ELIABETH LATTIMER. I will award a prize of \$1 each day for one of the suggestions

which I print.

Attention! Prize Contestants! Here Are Economy Prize Rules!

Many readers sending in sugges-tions for Economy Prizes have ask-ed that only their initials be used and their full names and addresses withheld. This is quite impossible for obvious reasons. If only initials were used, some of the other con-tributors might, with very good reason, wonder and question whether the prizes are being awarded to actual Washington persons. There-fore, I cannot give a prize unless I give the full name and address of the winner. This makes a fair ar-rangement all around and protects everyone concerned. I did make one exception in the case of a young university student, but I canno

make any more.
I will gladly print any suggestions or help sent in by readers and use only their initials if these suggestions are not sent to compete for Economy Prizes, but if anyone wants a prize they must be willing to have their names used. Unless hear to the contrary, I shall take it for granted that all who have previously sent in prize suggestions are willing to have their

Wear the Laurels of

Your Economy With Pride.

Personally, I cannot see any reason for sensitiveness on this point.

Everyone in every walk of life is feeling the pinch of the high cost of living. No one should be ashamed of economizing. On the other hand extravagance or living right up to one's income or beyond are the only reasons for self-reproach in these times.

in these times.
With Bernard Baruch, who can buy and sell most of us, open asserting that he does not into to buy any new clothes this fall for a suit and his boot maker, \$45 for shoes; and, with Mr. Carter patched trousers, none of us no to concess he fact that we are

ing thrifty. pride, knowing that by it we are increasing the amount of production and doing a little to bring down the cost of living.

In answer to many inquiries, want to say that the winning one prize does not bar a reade from contributing other suggestions. It's the idea not the person that counts—an idea that will help all the other readers of the column to solve their problems.

The Coward and Disease

By Brice Belden, M. D.

EAR is the most injurious of emotions. Worry and fear mean the same thing, from a

medical point of view. Many nervous disorders are due to chronic anxiety. The extent to which people are obsessed by dread of hereditary or contagious disease is very great . The advertisements of patent medicine purveyors excite nervous people to fear imaginary diseases. Thunder and lightning reduce them to abject terror. Sometimes they fear persons or places. Not infrequently their fears are too vague to be described.

Hints For The Household

People cannot be well who are in

To make kid gloves look like new after they have been cleaned, rub ver with white of egg.

To remove a burnt mark from cloth, ake a stick of pipeclay and gently ub the piece marked. Two parts of spirit of ammonia to

one of turpentine will soften old paint or varnish and make its removal easy. To remove tar stains from cotton fabrics, cover the spots with butter

and allow to remain for a few hours

before washing. In making coffee sprinkle a little alt on your coffee before pouring on poiling water, and the flavor will

wonderfully improved. To cut soft cheese into smooth slices, use a piece of stout thread instead of a knife, and the cheese will not crumble or break.

To induce a canary to take a bath, sprinkle a few seeds upon the water. This added attraction will make the bath become a habit.

ding, use a fine grated carrot in-stead of an egg. It is just as good and cheaper. A piece of velvet or plush will give a finer polish to a blackleaded

grate than the brush in common

use. Besides causing less dust it

When making plain raisin pud-

Enamel baths can be thoroughly leaned with a flannel dipped in paraffin, and should not be scrubbed with sees. of this cracks the commel.

needs less exertion.

bondage to fear. Every individual who is ruled by fear is like an oppressed nation; he needs to be

emancipated or to emancipate him-

self; he lacks self-determination.

Man has been oppressed by in fluences making for fear for ages and he frequently and erroneously thinks it difficult to rid himself of his reactionary heritage. His salvation depends upon an understanding of his plight-upon a plight consciousness—and upon successful revolt. Fearlessness must dominate instead of fear; mental freedom must put psychic autocracy to rout; the chtire mental attitude must be altered; it is just as easy to cultivate a wholesome attitude as a vicious one.

Anger, another injurious eme tion, is the child of fear. If we de not fear we do not become angry and hate. Worry, fear and anger have been truly called the grosses forms of egotism-morbid selfimaginativeness.

Fear is due to superstition and ignorance and its victim is a slave. It invites the very evils that we dread. It paralyzes, depresses, and prevents healing, "It creates imaginary evil, and gives it its fictitious power."

We do not come into the world lacking the foundations of courage. Fear is an acquired trait. Unnatural conditions of living engender it. Undoubtedly courage needs to be systematically exercised. When we possess it we must not allow it to lie fallow and atrophy. Normal man should court "danger." It is said that accustoming one's self to airplane ascents is a great dissipator of timidity and neurasthenia; but many/more available means are at

We constantly exercise fear. Why not courage. Is it not clear why timidities are cultivated until they develop enormous proportions and become second nature in the individual? Why not do as much for a good quality? Worry is only a habit, but fearlessness is a habit,

The emotional nature is suscept

ible to training, subjection and control, and the ends thereof are useful and productive. Worry is a use less preoccupation. The cure of fear will have begun

when the foregoing truths are perceived, and when realization comes that worry is economically and otherwise unprofitable. Many a neurasthenic has been cured by learning to drive an automobile, to ride a horse, to swim, or by accustoming himself to great heights, in such ways substituting courage for fear.

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